

The National Republican.

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Advertisements: NATIONAL—7-20-83, or Calling the Brooming, FORD'S—8-20-83, or Life in Cuba.

By DUNCANSON BROS.—Oct. 15 at 10 a. m., entire furniture contained in dwelling 1021 1/2 St. N. W. Oct. 15, at 4:30 p. m., valuable real estate in the vicinity of Iowa city.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1883.

Gov. SPRAGUE'S mother, a venerable lady of 85, has been stricken with apoplexy.

JAY-EYE-SIDE, the latest equine wonder, will trot against time at Chicago to-day.

It is about time to remind the public that the Pennsylvania legislature is still in session.

Dr. Villard's golden spike had been hummered half as hard as Northern Pacific stock it would have been driven through to China.

The funeral of Mrs. Prior, the well known actress, took place in Brooklyn yesterday. There was a large attendance of actors and actresses.

Gen. WRIGHT, chief of engineers, will recommend that congress appropriate money to strengthen Forts Foote and Washington. The capital appears to be in great danger.

Judge Advocate General SWAIN is of opinion that the President will pardon Sergt. Mason in the very near future. The petitions on file asking for his release contain 906,000 signatures.

A SHACKLED convict jumped through the car window of a rapidly moving train in Vermont. The train stopped and the convict was picked up unharmed. The fellow is evidently a hardened criminal.

New suits continue to be filed against the Baltimore and Potomac Railroad company by residents along Virginia avenue, who represent that their property has been injured by the company's encroachments.

The mysteries of the "top and bottom game" were elucidated yesterday for the information of the criminal court jury, before whom a detachment of detectives' friends are being tried. It is an attractive but deceptive game.

The warden of the Massachusetts state prison denies that the condition of affairs in that institution is of a threatening nature. On the contrary, he declares that there have been no signs of a revolt, and that the inmates are as gentle and amiable as turtle doves.

SAMMY TILDER is going to spend the coming winter in the south. Waterson's medicine works. The old man seems now to be in hot pursuit of the democratic nomination. Waterson is to be a friend of the administration "only" as his share after he gets Samuel in.

The organ chorishes "the hope of a democratic triumph in New Jersey." As that sleepy old state never gave its electoral vote to a republican presidential candidate except when the democrats ran Greeley, the radical republicans, we are inclined to think it may go democratic this year.

Those who are indisposed to leg exercise can take a stroll through the patent office, in imagination, by reading the experience and reflections of the reporter in another column. The patent office is a museum of rare curiosities, the like of which is not to be found anywhere else in this broad land.

ANOTHER member of the train robbing James family has broken out in Missouri, being brought into notoriety by an attempt to perforate an unoffending hackman at Kansas City with the contents of a revolver. The mortal offense committed by the hackman was a request for pay for the use of his hack.

YESTERDAY was a bad day for the unrighteous. A dozen or so murderers were hanged in the United States and a few in Canada. One of the culprits fought on the scaffold, but didn't get away. The others went off in the orthodox way, happy in the belief that they were going to play on the golden harp and walk the golden streets.

It would be to the credit of our esteemed morning contemporary if it would suppress the editorial paragraphism, who every once in a while, breaks out in his sleep about the memory of Garfield being assailed by stalwarts. The memory of Garfield is not being assailed by anybody, nor is it an available club for political slingers. Let the dead rest.

The Virginia coalitionists are now more determined than ever to show that they have made the Old Dominion the Gibraltar of unionism. They have no fear that the democratic party can ever again control the nation under bourbon leadership without Virginia's consent, and they do not propose that she shall ever again wallow in the mire of bourbon funderism.

The central democratic organ squanders much printer's ink in a long editorial putting forward prohibition as "the leading republican issue." The organ will find that the republicans of the country will not quarrel over the subject of beer when the question to be decided is whether the nation is to be

handed over to the lineal political descendant of Buchanan democracy or Lincoln republicanism. State contests will be forgotten next year.

Concerning "Feelers." The Washington organ of the democracy informs its readers that a recent editorial in this paper threw out "feelers" on the subject of "the feasibility of controlling southern elections next year by lords of hired and commissioned bulldozers to be placed under the command of renegade democrats selected by such men as Cash and Chalmers." In support of this false assertion the organ quotes as follows from the editorial to which it refers:

There are states in the south where a courageous and faithful marshal can have at his back, to aid him in the discharge of his sworn duties, as many well-to-do independent law-abiding citizens as there are violent and law-breaking bachelors to resist him. The President and his attorney general can satisfy themselves of this by instituting the proper inquiry.

Now let it be here understood that THE NATIONAL REPUBLICAN did not put the above forth as a "feeler," nor, as intimated in the Post, by way of "discussing in a cautious way" the subject of southern elections. If there seemed any ambiguity about it, let us see if our idea can be expressed in plainer English.

There have been no valid elections in North Carolina, South Carolina, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, or Arkansas for years. The democratic rule in those states is an absolute despotism, no more deriving its powers from the consent of the governed than does the Czar of Russia. Those states have sixteen senators and seventy representatives in congress and eighty-six votes in the electoral college. If elections worthy the name were to be held in them, none of their senators or presidential electors would be democrats, nor would more than two-fifths of their representatives, chosen by congressional districts, be of that order. Would it not be a disgrace to the American people if they should allow twenty-four years of political progress to be repudiated and spit upon in a presidential election by the lawless brute force of a minority party which has fought against that progress inch by inch over the whole world? We do not ask the Washington or any other organ of that minority party whether we speak truly or not. The barbarous political history of the states we have named are written indelibly in letters of blood upon the annals of the nation. We shall not dispute with the organ over the facts of the case. Nor are we debating with the lawless as to the measures by which their usurpations shall be brought to an end. We are not inclined either to plead with the blind ignorance or the stolid indifference among nominal republicans, who are making a great parade, as did their prototypes of old, over the payment of tithes of unice and cumm while they neglect the weightier matters of the law. We propose simply to warn them of the coming storm.

The despots of South Carolina, Alabama, and Mississippi will be the despots of the United States in less than seventeen months if they are not held in check by the strong arm of the law. This is a pleasing prospect for them and for their northern democratic friends. They do not relish any effort by the government to interfere in behalf of the majority of the people in southern states struggling for a voice in a presidential election. The wolf hunted to his den is not fiercer or more vicious toward the hunter than are those bourbon usurpers toward their native white opponents when the touchstone of an honest ballot is proposed as a test of their right to rule. The rage of the bachelors against the white independents of the south is like that of a tiger or a blood-hound threatened with the loss of his prey. Their loud outcry against Mahone has found an echo among the shallow, the timid, and the insincere, and while that heroic leader is in the thickest of the fight for the essential principles of freedom and nationality, certain northern weak-kneed republicans flock to the standard of his enemies. Chalmers, who has been elected to congress over a bourbon by the independents and republicans of his district, is being stoned by northern doughfaces at the bidding of political mountebanks performing as republicans under the circus tent of Lamar. The bloody bourbon tyrant thus has the power, even now, so to terrorize some northern republicans that they dare not encourage revolt against his rule at home. In all that pertains to the state, he is the czar; in all that pertains to the nation, he is a nihilist. He is the embodiment of brute force, and with but a minority at his back, he reigns through the terror he inspires, and the coarse frauds he is enabled to perpetrate on the ballot boxes at the mock election forces which are annually enacted. The intolerable persecutions of all who do not bow to the cap of this southern Gessler have created great indignation at the north hitherto, and Hayes and Garfield were made presidents in order that these wrongs might be righted. Let every American say for himself what he has been given after election for our own part, we cannot see any hope of the establishment of republican government in the eight states in which it has been crushed, unless the election laws enacted by congress for the protection of the elective franchise are enforced as rigidly, and then penalties inflicted as sternly as in the case of mail robbers and counterfeiters. To do this no extreme methods need be adopted. All that is needed is that where there is known to be a large body of native white voters willing and anxious to aid the officers of the law in suppressing fraud and violence in national elections there shall be a marshal to call in their aid, who will be wholly on the side of the law, with no soft, timid, conciliatory or compromising side for the criminals inside of the bourbon party entrenchments. This is the only course by which the President can on the fifth of March, 1885, turn the government over to a successor as worthy of himself to sit where sat Lincoln and Grant. The republican party must have a cause to contend for or it will die of its present diet of reform gruel. It cannot be enticed by invectives against its once proud and invincible organization, nor made healthy and strong by the invention of difficult questions as

stumbling blocks for the feet of unwary applicants for situations as copyists in the departments.

It is useless to attempt the enforcement of laws without votes. It is useless to cast votes if they cannot be counted. It is pusillanimous for republicans to allow themselves to be led away from the protection of the majority of the voters in eight states by the tricks of democratic false pretenders to reform. We do not say that the republican party is to stop at what is above outlined, or that fair elections should be the be all and the end all. Other and mighty questions, of home and of international policy there are, which long have slumbered, and which should not be entrusted to the old bourbon democracy. But we warn all who are of the republican faith that the bourbon bloodhounds is loose, and that his bite is cruel. Time was when his performances at the south made the north solid. It is no longer so. The northern ear is weary of the oft-told tale, and false leaders have helped to create indifference. The south has been exploited for delegates and not for electors, until democratic republicans have grown up there who are cunning in the service of two political masters. The north will not again, unaided, be able to defeat the democracy. Democratic rule means Butler or the bourbon north. The democracy cannot hold the south solid if our government exhausts its rightful powers for the maintenance of law and the protection of the ballot. Marshals and district attorneys who cannot secure a single bourbon vote in the senate for their confirmation are the first prerequisites to rescuing the nation from the impending peril of bourbon reaction. We want no political partnerships between the servants of the law and the law breakers. It is easier now to prevent the return of the bourbon than it will be to dislodge him when, as in 1861, entrenched everywhere in the government, he shall refuse to abide the result of a presidential election. Let us postpone the further consideration of the clerkships, the evils of party organization, and the sinfulness of caucus agreements between republicans as to how bourbonism shall be circumvented, and let us hear the organs of public opinion and the leaders of true reform on the great subject of restoring republican governments and majority rule in the United States. It is futile to be scouring the pans in the kitchen while the incendiary is firing the house in front; it is madness to be debating on what course we shall steer the ship of state while mutineers and pirates are locking us up in the forecastle.

The Cant of a Spurious Reformer. The New York Times devotes a column of its yesterday's issue to an editorial organ over the depravity of this newspaper, because from its business office a circular has been sent, signed by Mr. Curdison, the business manager, requesting postmasters to furnish the names of reading republicans who would be likely to subscribe, and also to aid in the circulation of the paper. We know of no law, moral or statute, human or divine, which this request invades by so much as the width of a hair. It is the common practice of newspapers. The leading republican journal of New York city announces in its prospectus that every postmaster in the United States is its authorized agent. But forward and zealous as the Times is thus in shielding postmasters from being requested to subscribe for and aid in circulating a republican newspaper, it has not space for one single line of condemnation of its journalistic pal, the Philadelphia Press, whose editor procured from the postoffice department in 1881 an order which cost the government \$700,000 and benefited only the Press and some mail contractors. Nor has the Times at any time had a word of condemnation of the unlawful acts of the local postal companies in New York city, which are running an opposition postal service there in opposition to the government, at a loss to the postal receipts of a thousand dollars a day, or a word of praise from Postmaster General Gresham for his efforts to suppress this illicit and unlawful business. A great reform journal is the Times. The good book describes man of the class to which its proprietor belongs as those who strain at a gnat and swallow a camel.

The overthrow of bourbonism in Virginia pierced the center of the enemies of the new nation, and also will eventually lead the south in the future as she did of old. The eccentric political views of a local temperance campaign in Ohio cannot disturb the nerves of the readjusters, for their organization is founded on the rock of justice and right. Theirs is — no sapling chance-sown by the fountain, Blooming at Bolaine, in winter to fade; When the whirlwind has stripped every leaf on the mountain, The more shall the people exult in her shade. Noored in the rifted rock, Proof to the tempest's shock, Firmer he roots him the ruder it blows.

The Virginia bachelors cannot find any political aguechicks in the coalition ranks, nor yet any mercenaries who are to be secured or brought into self degradation by joining the bachelors because beer has asserted its right to be drunk in a northwestern state.

The people of Virginia are doing the besting there, and Gen. Mahone is their commissioned leader. The President respects them, and does not heed the bourbon bosses who are clamoring for petty places at his hands, and mourn because they find them not.

No republicans are ashamed of Mahone, as suggested by the Post, except such as are aspiring to the condition of political concubinage with the democratic party. Of course no man can applaud Mahone who fears the sneers of his bourbon enemies.

The Ohio prohibitionists who have turned their state over to the democracy will be able to tell us after awhile how that achievement advances the cause of temperance.

It is moved and seconded that any man be allowed to help the republican party that wants to, and that none of the present members be expelled.

The chief need of the democratic party is a decent respect for law.

NEW BOOKS.

HIS SOMBER RIVALRY, by EDWARD P. ROE, New York: Dodd, Mead & Co., Washington: Baltimore & Son. One vol. Price \$1.50. This last production of Mr. Roe's is one of his best. It is an interesting novel. He writes of an ideal man and an ideal woman, true in their friendships and intense in their loves. The characters do not appear to be drawn from life, however, and the whole story, attractive as it is in the main, is such a one as an imaginative author would conjure up in the solitude of his study. There is too little of the earthly about the book to suit those who like to amuse themselves with word paintings from nature, but it is, nevertheless, well worth perusal.

A NEW SCHOOL DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE, prepared upon the basis of the latest edition of the unabridged dictionary of Joseph E. Worcester. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co., Washington: G. G. Whitaker. One volume. Price 95 cents. The new dictionary embraces a carefully prepared vocabulary of words in popular use, together with tables exhibiting the pronunciation of ancient and modern biographical and geographical names, Scriptural proper names, Christian names, &c., and a great many unclassified words of doubtful or various orthography. It is a useful addition to the list of dictionaries.

THE HANDY BOOK OF OBJECT LESSONS. From a teacher's note book. By J. WALKER. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co., Washington: G. G. Whitaker. One vol. Price, \$1.25. This book is intended to supply young teachers with suitable materials for notes and lessons. The lessons are culled from various sources and are the result of many years' experience in teaching. It will prove a useful publication.

JUNE, By Mrs. FORRESTER. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co., Washington: W. H. Morrison. A novel in one volume. Price, \$1.00. Mrs. Forrester has become a prolific writer of readable novels, and "June" will not take from her reputation as an author. It is a simple story of plain people of the higher class, sufficiently full of romance and love making and incidents to make the novel pleasing to the reader.

SERMONS PREACHED IN ENGLISH CHURCHES. By Rev. PHILLIPS BROOKS, rector of Trinity Church, Boston, Mass. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., Washington: Baltimore & Son. One volume. This volume comprises a collection of fourteen sermons by the distinguished divine. The book is dedicated by the author to his many friends in England in remembrance of their cordial welcome to him.

"The Christian League of Connecticut," by Washington Gladden, which appeared as a pamphlet serial in The Century, has just been issued by the Century company in a neat volume. It is a book worth reading by any man or woman who has an idea that Christianity is intended to make this life more agreeable, as well as to make the next endurable. The Christian League of Connecticut is originally, in Mr. Gladden's wonderfully well told story, a little group of men who propose, for the purpose of cultivating, Christianizing, and more especially, as the reader will think, civilizing the uncivilized people in the little town where they live, to ignore all ancient dogmas upon which different sects differ, and utilize all that is practicable for mental and moral good in religion. Their plan succeeds so well that the contagion spreads to neighboring towns, all New England, and even across the sea. The best practical suggestion in the book is that of having one non-sectarian church, with a good minister, in towns which now have half a dozen of different denominations, and a many starved and lifeless ministers whom they cannot half pay. The home missionaries are also—in the story—prevented from establishing more churches than are needed in new countries. Aside from the amount of practical good things suggested by the story it is delightfully told and interesting simply as a story.

AMUSEMENTS. MINNIE HANK'S CONCERT. Lincoln hall was filled last night with an audience embracing the best of Washington society to listen to an operatic concert by a company at the head of which was Mme. Minnie Hank. This prima donna has always been a favorite in this city, and the announcement of her name was a sufficient attraction, aside from two excellent artists, who formed a portion of her support. While not a great singer, and with a voice which is of a mezzo rather than a pure soprano quality, Mme. Hank carries to her work a thorough conscientiousness that impresses itself upon her auditors and receives the proper recognition. At her first appearance last evening she gave two numbers from "Mignon"—"Know'st thou that fair land"—and "La Sylphide," the echo song—the latter of which was sung with a degree of dash and buoyancy that richly earned the encore that the former would not have obtained. On her recall she sang the old but attractive Scotch ballad, "Comin' Thro' the Rye." Her second number was "The Vococe," from Mackenzie's new English opera, "Colomba," a selection which gave her ample opportunity for breadth of phrasing and solid, sustained tones. Her encore in this was another Scotch selection, "I'm Over Young to Marry Yet?" It was in the scene from "Carmen," however, that Mme. Hank was seen at her best. She is a natural actress, and in the part of Carmen, which she created, and has found a role especially suited to her tastes and capabilities. Not the stiffness of De Pasqualis as The Toreador, nor the over acting of Sig. Montegriffo as Don Joss could mar the effectiveness of her rendition, or detract from the pleasure of the audience so far as she was concerned.

Mr. Constantin Sternberg, the pianist, fully sustained the high encomiums that have been passed upon him elsewhere, and showed himself a thorough artist. While not the equal of Rubenstein or Von Bulow, he is infinitely superior to any other pianist who has visited this city in years. His touch is firm, clear, and distinct, and the most intricate passages are given with a purity of execution that brings into relief each separate tone. There is no slurring of passages, no haste in fell or run, but all his work is skillfully and artistically performed. To his admirable technique he unites the enthusiasms of an artist, bringing out all the subtle niceties of expression with beautiful effect. This was noticeable in his first number—Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream"—for he caught the true spirit of the composition and showed in his interpretation a thorough comprehension of the author's meaning. In response to the emphatic encore which followed this selection he played Rubenstein's "Waltz Allemande." His second number embraced two selections—a barcarole of his own composition, and a piece from Debussy's "Sylvia," both of which were given in such admirable style that the audience appeared not rested until he had again appeared and rendered a gavotte in C major of his own. Both his barcarole and gavotte showed in their construction that Mr. Sternberg is a master of composition, as well as an artistic performer.

The baritone, Sig. De Pasqualis, was now to this city, and notwithstanding his awkward appearance, at once became a favorite. His

CURRENT GOSSIP.

TWO SUMMER IDYLS. An humble boy, with a shining hair, Went gliding along Adown the dale, To where the cow with The bridle tail On clover her palao did Regale.

THE BEETLE ON THE COAST. Her heels flew up through The atmosphere— And, through the leaves of A chestnut tree, The boy soared into Eternity.

LORD COLERIDGE'S salary as chief justice is \$100,000 a year.

IN a corn-eating match at Montreal the victor cleaned twelve cobs.

Mrs. BRIGHT, sister in law of John Bright, is a missionary in Honolulu.

KITTENS' heads are to take the place of birds' heads on the coming bonnet.

CHIEF Ju's wife says she will bring little Charley McComas up in the way he should go.

IN the Los Angeles (Cal.) chain gang there are a dozen boys, ranging in years from 17 to 30.

A NEVADA negro has seen a pair of drum sticks in the sun, and predicts war and oceans of blood.

A KANSAS town has legislated against the post as a "ruthless destroyer," a "terror," and a "curse."

MACARONI dinners, the food cooked in several different ways, are increasing in fashionable popularity.

A NEW YORK woman has discovered that bony women are just as fond of jersey jackets as plump ones.

BEN BUTLER, it is said, never laughed but once. He smiles occasionally, however, like other politicians.

A FARMER in Mt. Vernon, Mo., has raised from one-half acre of ground 105 bushels of large, smooth potatoes.

A BROOKLYN girl, whose lover sent her 33,000 kisses, has just learned that he has a wife and two children.

"GAME HARK!" is one of the dishes served at the Yellowstone Park hotel, but visitors are said to be somewhat suspicious of it.

LAST Monday evening a young eagle found a resting place on top of the flag staff in front of the city hall, Salt Lake. It roosted too high to be captured.

A MICHIGAN debating society has decided that a man who will smoke around a hay stack is a bigger fool than the man who blows into an unloaded gun.

CANADA has produced a woman who wants to swim the whirlpool rapids of Niagara, but the authorities will not permit her to try the foolhardy experiment.

EACH curl on the head of the statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World," destined for New York harbor, is three times bigger than a man's body.

DEATH has knocked out thirty California millionaires within the last ten years. Money won't compromise matters with His Majesty, if that's any consolation to the poor.

CLAY, SCOTT SIDGONS, the husband of the reader and actress, has been placed in a mad house in Australia. His wife separated from him because he squandered her earnings.

WHEN a married couple at Island Pond, Vt., who had fought like cats and dogs for years, at last divorced, they left the court room together, had their pictures taken, and then separated.

THE editor of the Hemphill (Tex.) Reporter gives, as an excuse for issuing only a half sheet, that he "got lost in the woods." He promises to stay at home hereafter and attend to business.

AMONG the prizes given at the central fair, Hamilton, Ont., are two bees. They are queens, one from the Holy Land and one from the Cyprus, and are valued at \$15 and \$10, respectively.

MISS JANE COOMBS, the actress, has been most successful in her late starring tour through the middle states. On Sept. 22 she opened at Harrisburg, Pa., in "Pique," before a very large audience.

A NEGRO was appointed a special policeman in Sumter, S. C., and proceeded to business at once. Before night he had half the prominent citizens of the town in jail, and an indignation meeting had to be held before he would take a rest.

WHEN a runaway couple applied to the county clerk at Texas for a license to marry they were refused, because the girl was only 15 years old. The young man urged that she weighed 140 pounds and was big enough, but the clerk was obdurate.

FIFTEEN genuine Sioux Indians, who are seeing Gotham, amuse the people at a hotel by eating with their hands and dressing outlandishly. As they wear silk hats they think they are civilized. This is a very common mistake among other people besides Indians.—Lovelitt Citizen.

A BOSTON man has invented a process by which he kills the stray dogs of the corporation at the rate of one each minute and a half. He doesn't reveal the entire process, but remarks that "death results from a differentiation of hydrocephalic concentration of the nervous centers." It is not surprising that the process is a success.

A SON of John F. Andrew, the great war governor of Massachusetts, was married last Thursday to Miss Harriet Thayer, who is reported to be worth \$5,000,000. An item has been going the rounds lately stating that the groom has been earning a living by climbing the telegraph poles as a repairer for one of the telephone companies. He won't have to hustle to pay board bills hereafter.

An Oswego Falls man sent a two-pound stone into an apple tree for the purpose of knocking down some fruit. A large one fell, and while stepping down to pick the apple up the stone descended on the back of his head, raising a lump about the size of the apple he was climbing. The next time he goes after apples he will use a rake with a string tied to it.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

MISS ADA PARKER is a girl of nineteen who lives on a cotton plantation two miles from Monroe, La. For the last four years she has had exclusive charge of the place, upon which her widowed mother, sister, and two younger brothers reside, supporting them all by her industry. She is her own overseer, superintending all the work done in person, and no brawny son of Ceres knows better how to raise a crop or handle a laborer.

"Then you are getting on nicely in school, my little man? Can you tell me how many pecks there are in a gallon?" "Just half a peck, sir. You see, there are eight quarts in a peck, and four quarts in a gallon. That just fetches it." "Your logic is very good. Now tell me how many yards in a foot?" "I should think there was about a yard and a half in your foot," said then the boy "skinned" around the corner for fear the foot might swing in his direction.—Hartford Post.

THERE isn't a sardine on this side of the Atlantic coast, and yet there are three big factories in full blast on the coast of Maine. Now, how do you make that out? Easily enough, O simple minded reader, easily enough, "as easily as lying." In fact, one swallow does not make a summer, all that swallows is not a bird, but a fish, which we call a sardine would be a herring had he been allowed to swim a year or two longer.—Hawkeye.

EX-PRESIDENT FILLMORE'S widow is said to be growing eccentric. Mary Reid, her former maid, testified recently in the contest will case that when visitors called she would talk about them and after they had gone away she would become excited, slam the doors, and scream. After these fits she would tell witness not to say anything about them. Once in the dining room she threw the cover of a sugar bowl at witness' head because she did not uncover it, quick enough to suit her. While under the doctor's care, and taking baths, she said that witness was trying to drown her. She would scream loud enough to be heard in the street.